

The Twitchell Monstrosity.

The Philadelphia papers of the 14th publish the full statement furnished by Mrs. Twitchell, for her own vindication against the accusation of her husband that she was the murderer of Mr. Hill, her mother. It embraces several letters from her husband, giving her in detail certain "confessions" which he conjured her to make in order to save his life—these confessions being elaborate inventions of his own, which she was to learn by heart and repeat. The following paragraph in one of his letters reveals the incentive to this proceeding, as well as to the publication of his own so-called "confession":

Now, Camilla don't make any mistake, and don't stop to say that you are afraid that it will not avail, or that Mr. O'Brien thinks so, for I tell you it will save me. I have got it from the best authority. I will mention some authority, but you must keep secret from O'Brien, or any one else, for I am bound, in confidence not to reveal it, but I tell you to secure you. A lawyer, whose word cannot be doubted, has spent a night with Governor Geary's private secretary, Dr. Gibson, and he told him that both himself and the Governor think that you are the guilty party, and that if anything new was to turn up, or you were to come forward and confess, the Governor would spare me. This is from too good a source to be doubted.

The following is also a portion of his "instructions":

When you come in on Monday morning, Mr. Perkins will come in with you, instead of a keeper. Mr. Chandler may be with him or he may not. I will meet you the same as usual, and will talk with you about general matters. You must not appear to be the least suspicious while I am talking to you. I will ask you very suddenly, "Camilla, do you know anything about the murder?" Mr. Perkins will watch you very closely, and on your action now the result depends. You must act as well as speak. You must be fully taken off. You must half get off your chair, and appear to be greatly excited. You must act just as you think a guilty person would when asked such a question suddenly. Then you must answer very quickly—"How should I know anything about it?" The reason of this, in my theory, is that if you would say anything about it that you would say it, but you would show it in your manner. Remember this, and act guilty. After you answer this, I will say to you—"Don't you know in your own heart that it is in me and not in you when this murder was committed?" You must hesitate a moment, when I will repeat the question. Then you must answer "Yes." Then I will ask "Do you know anything about it?" You must not say anything. Then I will say "Camilla, if you know anything about this, say so before it is too late." You must not answer this. Then I will say "Do you know anything?" Then you must answer "Yes." Then I will say "Who was with you?" You must answer "Mr. Lee and another man." Then you will probably be asked by Mr. Lee if you know anything about it. A gentleman who Mr. Gilbert introduced to your mother and you, in front of the Continental, last spring? Then you will probably be asked—"What time last spring?" Your answer will be—"About May, I think." You will also, no doubt, be asked if your husband knew him, or if you ever spoke to your husband about him. Answer "No." Why did you not? Answer—"I did not think it necessary." You need go on and tell this whole confession right through; tell it by piecemeal, as you are asked. Make all your answers fit together, and coincide with this theory, and do not contradict yourself. Study this well. You must not be surprised at anything I do or say. It will be all for the best. I may speak unkindly to you, but don't let that worry you. I will be asking you questions. When I ask the first question, you must try to show constancy in your countenance. Life is the stake you will be acting for. No doubt you will be asked a great many questions. You must not be eager in your replies, but rather reluctant. If you are asked what motive you had to do this, you must answer that your mother was very close to you; that she was willing to let your husband have gentlemen's company at the house, and you got so that you hated her for it, and you thought that if she were dead that you could rest the house, and we could live and be happy.

Camilla, the reason that I want you to write the confession twice is this: I wish you to put one in your bosom; then, if you feel that you cannot tell this theory, why, I ask you if you don't know in your own heart that it is in me and not in you when this murder was committed? I want you to tell what you know, you see, after a little hesitation, open your dress and hand me the written confession. If you are asked why you wrote that, your answer is—that if you were to die without this confession, it would clear up your husband's character. If asked if you did not intend to make it known before your husband's death, answer "No." Why? A. You thought you would not be believed. You must write nothing but the confession, and that in your own language. If you can tell it, I should prefer it.

Now, dear Camilla, I have done all that I can. It remains for you to do the rest. When you come in my cell the next time, you bring either life or death with you. Remember this: I know from the very best authority it would save my life. If I do not know this, I should not ask you to do it. Camilla, how would you feel to let me die this way, without making this effort? Would you blame yourself all your life? If I did this awful death you never can be happy. Save! Oh, save me, from this horrible, horrible death.

The letters bear every mark of being genuine, exhibiting a craving fear of death, as in the following passages:

And now, dear Camilla, study this well, and do just as I have told you, and you give me life. Fall, and it is death. Don't forget that the next time you see me you bring life or death to me and oh! dear Camilla, for Heaven's sake let it be life. Don't, don't, for God's sake, don't fail me now!

If you do not do it, you will never see me alive again, for I cannot have my arms tied behind me and be led to the gallows; there stand and have a capital over my face, then a rope put around my neck; and let drop. Oh, it is terrible! Awful! Horrible! Oh! think of this and save! Oh! for heaven's sake save me; oh! save me.

Mrs. Twitchell's own statement is as follows:

On Sunday afternoon, about half-past one, George and I went out to take a ride, leaving at home mother and the girl. We went to the Abbey. I observed that George appeared low spirited, and in no way disposed to enter into conversation. I inquired if he was sick, and was told he was not. We returned about four o'clock. I found my mother pleasant and agreeable. George came in shortly afterwards, and remained in the dining-room until called to tea during the afternoon and evening. We took tea together. After tea he left the table and went to the dining-room. In a few moments I was with him leaving my mother in the kitchen. In a few moments my mother came in the dining-room. Mother and I conversed together, George making no remark whatever. Mother said to me, "I had better go to bed; she did not wish me to wait up; she would read the paper and wait for the girl herself." I went to my room, saying, at the same time, "George, I am going

to bed," to which he replied, "Very well."

My mother arose and went with me to my room, remaining and conversing pleasantly with me until I went to bed, when she passed out of the room, and in a short time (how long I cannot say) George came into the room, undressed, and came to bed. I was soon asleep, and knew nothing more until awakened by the girl ringing the door bell. I cannot say if George was asleep, but I think he was not.

I said, "George, but must be the girl."

He replied he supposed it was. He made no attempt at that time to get up and let the girl in. I came out of my room into the entry and called my mother twice, to which I received no reply. I returned to my room with the intention of finding something to throw over my shoulder, when George got up, and said to me in an abrupt manner, "You come to bed and I will go down and let the girl in."

I remained at my room door waiting for George to come up, thinking my mother was down stairs. I heard Sarah call him, heard what he said when he went into the yard. I saw down stairs and saw my mother trying on the dress in the kitchen—a dead woman. This is all I know about the murder. I knew nothing about my husband's business; I believed it to be in a flourishing condition, being told by him only a few days before the murder that he was doing well, making money and out of debt. I was kept in perfect ignorance, not only concerning his business affairs, but many other acts of his private life. I deny that I ever deserted my husband, but, on the contrary, repeatedly offered to give every dollar I possessed to save his life if possible. After my acquittal I treated him kindly, visited him three times every week, never, in any way, referred by look or word to the murder, never spoke an unkind word to him, and never once said to him, "Mother!"

On Wednesday morning, March 21, when I visited him as usual, in shaking hands with him, he conveyed to me a letter of instructions. On Good Friday morning, March 25, during my conversation with him, he conveyed to me a written confession which he wished me to study well and commit to memory, and come to prison prepared upon Monday morning.

From reading this I saw that it was arranged for me to go there and become a party to the falsehood. It was arranged that Mr. Perkins and the Rev. Mr. Brighthouse were to receive me, and I was to play a part in order to deceive them and the world. I was to accuse myself of having taken my mother's life, and commit perjury by a sworn statement. I was to make a statement, which I desired to aid my husband, I could not do this thing, and finding I could not trust myself safely, and fearing from the arrangement made I might be entrapped, I went more to the prison. Finding I did not come on the Monday as he desired, he sent me, on Wednesday morning, March 21, two other confessions, from which I was to make a choice. On Thursday morning, April 1, I received the fourth and last one. Since that fatal hour that I bade my mother good night I have been surprised and stupefied to find mother murdered in her own house; I have been imprisoned many sad days and gloomy nights, charged with the crime of having murdered my own mother. My husband has been convicted of that crime; my home has been utterly destroyed; I myself have been put on trial for my life; my husband has committed suicide; I have been judged not only by the tribunals of the country, but fearfully judged by those who have been warned by the Master to "Judge not"; I have been accused by my husband, who did it in a desperate effort to save his life, of killing my mother. He did this, I repeat, in an effort to save his life. In the defence of all that makes life desirable, I am compelled to submit these letters to the public to show how utterly unreliable was such a statement, made by my husband under the circumstances which he was placed, and how little I should have been believed had I even made such a statement myself.

I have felt and continue to feel that there is no sympathy for me. I am a woman believed to be a guilty one, and for such the gates of human sympathy are shut. My only hope is that in the little life that is left me, and during those times I may be compelled, reluctantly though it may be, to come in contact with the great world, I may be spared the distress of hearing, as I have heard, unconsciously to those who spoke of me, myself denounced as a murderer in thought as well as in action, the murderer of my mother and destroyer of my husband.

CAMILIA E. TWITCHELL.

A Hubbub Among the Chinamen.

In San Francisco, last month, a Chinaman named Ah Ming was arrested for the crime of bigamy, but explained that she had married her first husband in China, and when she arrived in San Francisco from Hong-Kong she was stolen away, and by threats and violence obliged to go before a justice of the peace and submit to be married to her captor, but she is now willing to live with her first husband, Ah Ming. When she was arrested a great excitement was created among the Chinamen in San Francisco, two opposite factions being arrayed for and against the prisoner. The Bulletin says:

While the woman was in the sheriff's office about one hundred Chinamen crowded around the doors, and eight or ten policemen came on the ground, and, taking possession of all the doors leading out of the hall, kept the angry crowd imprisoned till every man in it was searched for deadly weapons. None were found, and then the woman was passed to bring the woman out. She came, accompanied by the jailer and two or three deputy sheriffs. Then came the din of barbarian shouts and yells. The crowd rushed toward her, but stout policemen barked and pushed them back. Poor Mrs. Ah Ming evidently thought she was to be executed, for she threw herself about, wept, yelled, gnashed her teeth, and howled frantically. At the door of the City Hall stood the coach. The deputies lifted the screaming, kicking woman into the coach. Then they followed; a police officer mounted the box with the driver, the whip cracked, coach doors slammed, and off went the team with its celestial freight. Out swarmed the mass of Chinamen, pell mell, with policemen and civilians. Every street within hearing of Mrs. Ah Ming's screams was thronged by men and boys, all running toward the all. Away up Kearney street toward the coach, the horses on the gallop, and hundreds of howling Chinamen following in its dusty and tumultuous wake. It was an exciting race. At the corner of Pacific and Kearney streets the best-winded policeman got ahead of the Chinamen and checked their advance. The coach rattled up the hill to Broadway, and in a minute after it reached the jail. Mrs. Ah Ming had been borne safely within its walls, and the deputies, the policemen, and the horses breathed easier, in a few minutes the prison was besieged by an army of Chinamen, but the police dispersed and drove them away. The Chinese elephant is now on the hands of the County Court, and it remains to be seen how she will be disposed of by that tribunal.

JEFF DAVIS, in a private letter, says his health is excellent, and adds: "It has been my purpose to return this spring to what was my home, and if permitted to do so, without injury or embarrassment to my friends, to engage in some business which may yield a support."

Fire-Damp.

Mining is one of the oldest occupations. It has never yet been reduced to a science, but under the care of educated engineers many serious difficulties have been overcome and much method introduced. Just now in this country the scientific schools are energetically engaged in preparing men for this branch of business, as distinct from other walks of engineering. Geological structure is being studied, inquiry is made into the nature of leads and the means of judging and reducing ore, and attention is given to economic shaft-sinking, drainage, light, and ventilation. In view of the fact that our country is peculiarly rich in underground resources, these studies are eminently proper. But as ventilation has perhaps been most neglected, and by reason of inquiry its study has been less productive of satisfactory results, it would appear fitting to make it more a special object of inquiry than heretofore.

Successful mining depends upon the health of the miner as much as upon the safety and cheapness of means of reaching ore and toxicity in following veins. The hygienic phases of the business ought not and cannot be neglected without great loss to operators. When, however, their consideration is made necessary not only to preserve the comfort of workmen but their very lives, questions of profit and loss are thrown far into the background, qualifications of the highest order are required in engineers, and the subtlest recesses of science must be explored to find that protection which is denied to the subterranean worker.

The deep coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania have been singularly exempt from melancholy accidents from fire-damp. In England, the sad story of explosions and wholesale death is too frequently repeated. On the Pacific slope, we have a chapter of horrors scarcely once alluded to by the most indifferent.

Though the gold and silver-bearing regions of this country have produced largely, much of the wealth they have yielded has come from the surface. True, rich lodes have been followed deep into the earth, as in Nevada, the scene of the recent fires and deaths, but deep and difficult mines are the exception. They cannot long be so, for surface diggings will be regarded as well-nigh exhausted, and the advent of railroads will be accompanied with all the appliances for drilling the mountains and penetrating every auriferous or argentiferous deposit.

The Nevada disaster, therefore, is not only terrible in its immediate consequences, but the heart sickens before the contemplation of it, as it may be the first of a series which shall follow unless appropriate remedies be discovered and applied. The lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy has been popularly used in deep mines and amid dangerous gases, but strange to say, many of the most melancholy explosions have occurred at times and in places where workmen were most confident of its protection. Belief in its agency has a tendency to make miners foolhardy, and work is often carried on by its light where the air is fearfully contaminated with noxious gases.

The falling of a fragment of rock upon the hat which supports it, the breaking of a single wire of the gauge work, any of the slight and unaccountable accidents to which the miner is exposed, may lead to explosion and horrid deaths. While this lamp, therefore, is an instrument of safety, it too often is the cause of disaster.

Many other agents have been employed to protect life by preventing the explosion of gases, but they have all fallen short of the objects intended. The fact is, all such inventions are the result of mistaken notions and theories. They may assure the miner while they lead him to his fate at least they leave him to carry on his work in an atmosphere which is simply intolerable, which sadly impairs his working powers, and which brings him prematurely to tottering age and the grave. The duty of science in the premises is to discover the causes of these gases and prevent their existence. The attention of scientists is happily now being turned in this direction. Many experiments have recently been made in England, without success, however. The French Academy of Sciences has devised a system of vertical air pipes designed to draw off the carbonated hydrogen of the mines as fast as formed, but it entails too great an expense upon operators over to most general introduction. Another plan has been submitted to the Academy which is cheaper. It involves the passage of copper conductors through the galleries, broken at intervals and united by gold wire covered with sulphur. By passing a current of electricity through these, the sulphur is ignited and the fire-damp present is consumed. But the combustion of fire-damp produces the scarcely less noxious vapor known as choke-damp, so that this remedy is only partially effectual. Other methods might be mentioned, such as mere propositions look plausible, but when tested have been found to be worthless, or as yet not meeting all the requirements of the respect.

The field may then be said to be entirely open for the advent of science. This is especially so in this country, where mining is in its youth. The question of underground safety grows in moment, however, as year by year capital is thrown into the business, and the development of mineral resources becomes a necessity. The scientific schools can afford to make the study of the subject a specialty. The voice of humanity calls as loud, and louder, than that of trade for relief from the noxious air that must be breathed beneath the surface of the earth, and which makes every mine a magazine, convertible by a single spark into a fiery tomb. The ore of earth is not forbidden to man, the air of earth is delivered after them. The means of accomplishing this successfully constitute one of the most interesting of the unsolved problems, and one whose solution will give to mining the attributes of an exact science.—Philadelphia Press.

Hydrophobia.

Hall's Journal of Health for April closes an article on hydrophobia, with the following summary of conclusions:

That "hydrophobia," or rather death by convulsions, occurs in winter as well as in summer. That it follows the bites of dogs, cats and other animals. That a diseased imagination may cause death from convulsions. That animals not used may inflict wounds while in fear or anger, which will cause death by the same convulsions which real hydrophobia. That dogs and cats are a nuisance anyhow. That there ought to be no dogs and cats. That if you want to walk dogs and cats, it is better to do it at a distance with a long pole, and not to hold them up by the tail to be vexed and irritated. There are a good many people who would bite as vigorously as the animals if treated similarly. But if you will have dogs and cats swarming around, and will hold them up by their caudal extremities, and will whip them, and are bitten in return why then "As you make your bed, so you must lie down."

REMOVING OLD PUTTY.—Those who have plant houses, frames, &c., know how difficult it is to remove old putty from sashes without injuring the sash. I have seen it stated in some journal, that it could be removed very easily by applying a hot iron to it. I tried the experiment a few days ago for the first time, and was quite surprised to find how easily the most indurate old putty could be cut out after being well warmed up by the application of a red hot iron. Try it.—Vitis, in Gardener's Monthly.

From The Galveston News, 18th.

Fearful Tragedy—Outlaws Killed by an Outrage People.

We have received an extra from the office of the Westchester Argus, dated April 6, giving the particulars of the killing of Ben. Bickeraff, universally known in Northern Texas as the master associate of the late Colton M. Baker, and Thompson, latterly the most active, energetic and fearless associate of the former. They met with a horrible and unexpected death at Alvarado, Johnson county, on the 4th instant. We copy from the Argus extra:

Bickeraff and Thompson had been residing for some months near Alvarado, and it was their custom to visit that place late in the evening, and during the night to institute a carnival of robbery and other crime.

Bickeraff had assumed the name of Thompson, and was known to the community by that name. But it appears that a few individuals knew his real name. Time passed, and the criminals grew to be more unbearable. Consequently, on the fatal evening mentioned, the good citizens of the village prepared themselves with shooting apparatus for the purpose of ridding their community of these, the greatest pests they had ever known.

The hour at which the desperadoes usually visited them approached, and with it came the parties for whom they so anxiously looked. A feeling not unshared with anxiety and pain was depicted on every face. The men rode up to the horse rack and dismounted, and so soon as they had alighted a shower of death dealing leaden balls was directed at them. Thompson was killed instantly, and Bickeraff was struck in three places. Notwithstanding his frightful and mortal wounds, one of which either burst the ball of his right eye, or so contused it as to render it entirely sightless, he fired two well-aimed shots at his adversaries, one ball passing through the clothes of his antagonists, and one shot striking a gun in the hands of another. He then fired several shots at random, showing, while even in the clutches of death, the desperate and unquenchable spirit which had attended him all along through his career of crime. When he was prostrate upon the ground and his adversaries were gathered around, just before he died, he exclaimed: "You have killed as brave a man as there is in the South."

It is thought, and several parties have been arrested who are suspected of belonging to it and of being accessories to his deeds of robbery and murder—but as they have been highly respected and the proof is not positive, and as the matter will be investigated, the Argus forbears to mention their names.

As an illustration of how a few bad men may become a perfect terror to a peaceful community, we make an extract from the Vaco Register's account of the killing of Bickeraff and Thompson:

Last week the District Court met in the county. The whole court and jury were soon made to feel the presence of a terrible man by whom they were surrounded. The law could not be administered or executed. The officers were cowed, the grand jury were intimidated and went home with their work unfinished. Judge Norton, afraid of his life, slipped away privately, and the Court was broken up. The citizens of Alvarado now began to resolve to stand it no longer. Their lives and property were exposed, immigration would cease, and their town and county would languish in their midst. They resolved to proceed to extreme measures and armed themselves accordingly.

After giving an account of the killing in substance the same as we have already published the Register says:

The next day an inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict in substance that deceased came to their death from the hands of citizens, who were acting in defense of their lives and property and under the authority of the Governor's proclamation in regard to the deceased.

Indian Murders and Depredations.

Since our last issue went to press, the main topic of conversation among our people has been in relation to Indians Indian murders and robberies. The red scoundrels are as thick as bees around the various settlements in the country, and their trails have been everywhere with the blood of our citizens. Late last week, we heard of their attack upon the mail coach, at Granite Wash, on the Prescott and La Paz wagon road, and the wounding of Messrs. Todd, Jackson and Tingley, who were in the coach. Then came the news of the barbarous murder, scalping and mutilation of John Howell, between Skull and Kirkland Valleys, on the 25th ult. Scarcely had we recovered from the gloom and sorrow occasioned by these shocking crimes, when news brought to town that the lifeless, mutilated body of David Osborn was found in the road, between his ranch in Willow Valley and town. Next, we were treated to a dish of Indian news from Wickenburg, near which place they stole 13 head of beef cattle from Joseph Kelley, and robbed the cabin of Messrs. Kincaid, Clark and Edwards of repeating rifles, pistols, ammunition, clothing, money, &c. Also, that the farm expressed by us last week, regarding Wm. Burnett of Walnut Grove, were well founded, as his body was found and buried on Monday last near Granite Wash. Next, we hear of them on the trail between Wickenburg and Walnut Grove, where they attempted to cut off and murder John Roberts and T. W. Brooks. Then, they appear at Johnson & Zimmerman's ranch, about five miles south from Prescott, and run off a party of shingle makers and wood choppers, who foolishly left their guns and pistols at the house. On Thursday, they were in the woods, close to town, watching for prey. Their trail was discovered by Mr. Baghart, who came very near falling into their clutches, and but for his timely warning they might have captured the team of Brecht & Wortman, and the two men who accompanied it. The savages are well armed and provided with ammunition, and it behooves our people to guard well their lives and property. The military appear to be too weak and powerless to render us protection, and there is no other course left our citizens than to neglect their business and protect themselves.—Arizona Miner.

To tell the actual value of Cows.

The American Stock Journal in reference to the subject says:

"Now, we can go into a dairying neighborhood, and point to farmers who are losing from two to three thousand dollars a year by keeping cows yielding two hundred pounds of butter per year, instead of those that would yield from five to six hundred pounds in the same time. How many dairymen can tell the relative value of each cow of his herd by actual test? There is a little instrument for this purpose that don't cost much, but very few dairymen know anything about it. It is called a 'Lactometer,' constructed by placing a number of glass tubes of equal length and diameter, in a wooden frame. The milk from each cow is placed in some of these glass tubes; there they stand side by side, and you can see the depth of cream that rises in each tube, representing a certain cow, and estimate her value thereby. These instruments are kept for sale in Philadelphia and other cities. Might not our farmers profit by the above item?"

Gerald Eaton's Body in a Dissecting Room—The Eyes opening and the Corpses Moving Under the Professor's Experiments.

(From the Philadelphia Press, April 18.)

Arrangements were made by the friends of the condemned to have an effort made to resuscitate the body. Accordingly, a committee appointed for the purpose were in waiting at the prison at the time of the execution, and the body, wrapped in blankets, was brought to the University. The drop was four feet, the cord around the neck was a small one. He hung by the neck thirty minutes, and there were signs of life only four minutes after the drop. Ten minutes after being cut down he was placed upon the table in the amphitheater, the time elapsing from the execution being forty-four minutes. Six ounces of whisky were injected into the bowels and one gallon of pure oxygen gas was forced into the lungs and a powerful galvanic battery applied to the medulla oblongata and the pit of the stomach. At the same time the tongue was withdrawn from the mouth, and the body forced from side to side, after the method of Marshall Hall, for artificial respiration. In four or five minutes a marked improvement occurred in the countenance, the chest gradually expanded the eyes opened, one arm was drawn up, and, by means of a stethoscope contractions and dilatations of the heart were distinctly heard. So evident were the signs of life that his friends exulted over the fact that he really lived. Another gallon of oxygen was introduced into the lungs, and the battery was so charged that the current passed the whole length of the spine, and the artificial respiration continued. For a few moments the signs of life increased, but in a short time disappeared. Nitrous oxide gas was injected into the lungs by an artificial opening into the trachea, made by Professor Buffin, but all to no purpose, and at the expiration of one hour and twenty-five minutes the experiments ceased, and the body was handed over to his friends.

Lord Stanley on the International Relations.

On Friday, April 2, Lord Stanley spoke at Glasgow. A summary of his remarks has already been given. The following is a verbatim report of his reference to the relations of the two countries:

Town that notwithstanding the failure of the late negotiations—that it is a failure there is no denying—but it is a failure, I think, which was not caused either by anything done or by anything left undone on our side of the water. Notwithstanding that, I don't think I can be so ungrateful as to take a gloomy view of those negotiations. Certainly, if we were to judge by the ignorance of some American journals, and by those which have been attributed, justly or unjustly, to some transatlantic politicians, it might seem that our friends on the other side of the ocean were not very easy to please. But in the first place I do not know that any one has spoken of late on their behalf who was authorized to speak authoritatively on the part of the nation; and, in the next place, I think we should recollect and allow for the very peculiar position in which they stand. They have had a great military success—a success unexampled in its way, and they are finding out now practically, what we had an opportunity of finding out just half a century ago, that military glory, even when acquired in the best of all possible causes, is a very expensive luxury. They used to pride themselves—and they could do it quite justly—upon their freedom from debt, upon their comparative immunity from taxation, and upon the peaceable manner in which all internal disputes among themselves were settled. Now, it has so turned out that they have a debt which, measured by the interest paid upon it, is heavier than that of the United Kingdom; that they have taxation which, although it is nothing like a comparison to the resources which in the long run they can command, still for the present is probably more burdensome than ours; and that they have had to deal with a greater military insurrection and to put it down in precisely the same manner—I don't blame them for it. I think they were quite right—but to put it down in precisely the same manner as it would have been put down by any government of the Old World. Now, I have no doubt that, notwithstanding the military glory they have acquired, there is a great deal in those circumstances which may be annoying, and when people are annoyed, no matter from what cause, they are apt to be more than usually sensitive. But, for my part, I have very great faith in the good sense of the American people. I do not think that they can wish to increase their difficulties by getting into fresh quarrels. As for our part, it seemed to me plain and clear from the first, and it seems to me plain and clear now, that there has never been any intention upon our side of offering reparations for willful and intentional wrong, because we do not admit, and we have no right to admit, that any such wrong ever was committed by us. But what we have all long in substance said is this, that international law being vague, and many new points of international law having arisen in connection with the events of the late war, it was quite possible that upon either side, or upon both sides, in the absence of precedents to guide us, acts of unintentional wrong might have been done and that the question whether they had been or not was one which we were perfectly ready to refer to the judgment of any impartial arbitrator. That is in substance the language we have held throughout, and whether it leads to an immediate settlement of the matters in dispute or not seems to me, although I may startle some persons by saying it—a matter of very secondary importance. Whatever happens in that respect, we have secured the main point. We shall have satisfied our own conscience, and we shall have put our country unmistakably in the right.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle writes Alexander H. Stephens recently. He found Mr. S. unable to stand or walk, and with little hope of ever being able to walk again. "The burden of his anxiety is the completion of the second volume of his history of the war between the States. The material for the work is all ready, and nothing lacking but physical strength to put it together. Fifty-seven thousand copies of this work have been sold through the agents of the publishers.

A NEW hotel at Cape May, now in process of erection, will be 800 feet long, four stories high and have porches 1400 feet in length. It will cost \$250,000.

In New York, private equipages can be hired by the month—gilded harness, monogram doors, brass-buttoned and cockaded coach and footmen included.

A DISTINGUISHED European says it has discovered that if women were as prolific as queen bees they could have two or three children per day.

The Cunard Steamship company has contracted for two new steamships of 3000 tons each, to be called the Abyssinia and Algeria.

A BARREL of flour, grown anywhere but in Spain, and imported into Cuba by foreigners, has to pay to Spain a duty of \$3, gold.

THERE is a man in New Hampshire 84 years of age who has never taken a bath or owned a handkerchief. Had he regularly enjoyed these luxuries he would have been at least a hundred years of age.

Flogging a School Girl in Massachusetts.

A most painful case of flogging a little school girl has just transpired in the town of Melrose, Mass. It seems that the unfortunate victim was Addie E., only thirteen years of age, that one day she laughed at school, and when asked what she was laughing at, replied, "Nothing." The teacher, Mrs. Abby S. Merrill, then made her hold her head upon the desk for half an hour, and afterwards took a large ruler and used it upon her hand until it was sore and blistered. She then seized her by the throat, dragged her across the desk, and threw her upon the platform, and then putting her knees upon the girl's stomach, struck her several times with a larger ruler than before. During all this the girl's dress and all underclothing were badly torn; she was then kept after school, and could not get away until after she shouted to a boy from the window to go after her mother, and then it was found necessary to remove her in a carriage. A physician, who was called, found both arms black and blue from the shoulders to the arm joints; also, spots on her knees, two blisters on the left hand, and a violent pain in her stomach. The little girl was so much exhausted that when the doctor raised her up she fainted, and she was so much swollen about the stomach that it was necessary to cut her clothing off with scissors. Mrs. Merrill, the teacher, was arrested and brought before the Charleston Police court, where she set up her defense that the girl was stubborn, and she only tried to make her mind. Notwithstanding, however, the extreme cruelty shown toward the little one, and the fact that she was confined to the house two weeks in consequence, Judge Warren held that the girl was naughty and deserved punishment, and he therefore discharged the teacher. It is evident that there is a demand for other than a society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

THE FRIENDS AND THE INDIANS.—The recommendations of the Society of Friends in regard to the Indians, it is stated, include the following:—The orthodox branch propose to control, under the department, the central superintendency, comprising Kansas and the Indian Territory, and including the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, other hostile tribes. The Hicksites will assume charge of the Indians on the northern superintendency, including Nebraska and a part of Dakota, and the representatives of other orthodox denominations, as represented by the National Commission, will probably be assigned to the control of the Indians of the north-western section, hereafter under the control of General Forsyth. The other independent sects will remain, as now, under the direct management of the department. Under the section of the Indian bill authorizing the President to select a board of ten gentlemen, eminent for probity and philanthropy, to aid in the management of Indian affairs, General Grant has sent invitations to act to George H. Stuart and Wm. Welch, of Philadelphia; W. E. Dodge, of New York; E. S. Tokey, of Boston; C. B. Farwell, of Chicago, and others.

GORGEOUS DESCRIPTION.—The local editor of a very far West journal having attended a ball on the frontier, has felt moved, after the manner of the Jenkins of the metropolitan press, to furnish a report of some of the dresses worn by the more eminent ladies present.

Mrs. A. was an everlastingly scrumptious, in an undershirt of red calico, doused with blue mountain, surmounted with an overskirt of lilac looped in the rear in a saddlebag, with yellow bows. Waist a tamarac-uegon, besome de bustle. Hair in a chignon resembling half a cabbage. Extraordinary heft.

Mrs. B. wore a short skirt of homestead flannel, displaying in a very bacchanal manner No. 11 moccasins. Gorgeous de Skoganoah, ornamented with soldier buttons. Hair frizzes; perfume of cinnamon drops. Excessively highfalutin.

Madame C., a noted half-breed belle, attracted an all-fired sight of comment by appearing in a hoop skirt, ornamented with fox tails arranged in a circumambulation. Waist of yellow flannel slashed with stripes of buffalo hide. She carried a large sunflower, and danced with great lascivious. Terrifically magnolious.

A PARIS correspondent describes a fashionable lady after her dinner toilet: "The Marquise is blonde; she is powdered with iris, and not enough to make her tresses white, but baby. A diadem of variegated tulips bend their flexible stems above her forehead; a train of yellow satin under a white satin Alencon panner adds considerable height to her stature. The panner is looped with tulips, the yellow satin above has been ruffled on the inside. A Florentine necklace of enamel medallions suspended on chains to match. The fan of white lace mounted on perforated mother of pearl. The opera cloak is white lace over yellow satin lining, with very wide, open magenta sleeves and white lace hood. It is trimmed all round with swan, down."

AN old negro at Bermuda Hundred, Virginia, was recently addressed on political subjects, while working in the field, by a white traveler. "Now," said he, "you white man, dar, ken sit on de fence while I lean ober de hoe, as I are doin' now. But when de next generation comes we'll all hab an education, and we will sit on de fence too. Der yer see?"

A JAPANESE writer says that the Grecian bed has been fashionable in that country for four centuries.

RUMBAUGH intends to send marines on every German merchant ship going to China, as the foramsat hands will not fight.

In Tuolumne county, California there has been laid an iron water-pipe, 8,800 feet long and 11 inches diameter.

A LADY of Richmond, Va., recently gave birth to two twins, thirteen days elapsing between the births.

The long gauntlet lid glove, with innumerable small gut buttons, are very fashionable just at present among the ladies.

A NEW hotel at Cape May, now in process of erection, will be 800 feet long, four stories high and have porches 1400 feet in length. It will cost \$250,000.

In New York, private equipages can be hired by the month—gilded harness, monogram doors, brass-buttoned and cockaded coach and footmen included.

A DISTINGUISHED European says it has discovered that if women were as prolific as queen bees they could have two or three children per day.

The Cunard Steamship company has contracted for two new steamships of 3000 tons each, to be called the Abyssinia and Algeria.

A BARREL of flour, grown anywhere but in Spain, and imported into Cuba by foreigners, has to pay to Spain a duty of \$3, gold.

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